MARVEL STUDIOS
THE MARVELS
IN THEATERS NOVEMBER 10

MARVEL

FALL OF X

017

EWING
ÇINAR
BLEE

Tell me.

Am I to be your Death?

No, Gabriel Summers, you are *not*. *On any level.*

In *times past*, I ordained my chosen warriors with the names of those I had *lost*--and wrote their names in *blood* in the sacred texts of humankind.

But *now*...now is a time for *older* concepts.

Had my family *understood* my path, this would be a simple matter.

But it is happening as it *must*--*it is happening now*--and I do not *need* a new Death.

I need the fire to be fire.

But fire is useful only when *harnessed*--so you will remain *bound to me* and *bound by my will.*

Obligation is a *useful ingredient* in the old magics--and their *confines* will teach you *restraint.*

Rrrrh! What *is* this? *How dare you?*

I was a king among men--

Simmer down, boy.

We've *all* got *cool* backstories...

No! I will *not* simmer! ***I will burn!***

You may have freed me from my *prison*, but--

Yes. The *oubliette* you strained against for months--which you *well deserved*, destroyer of worlds--I tore *easily*, ***with bare hands.***

A *small* challenge. Mysterium was brought into this plane as ***coin--base metal,*** imprinted to the *material world* and its material *laws*. The ***anti-magic.***

I would have made it a *sword of holy fire...*

Let's skip the *what-ifs*, En Sabah Nur. We're here *now*--and we all see where this is going.

You need magical elements--*fire, earth, air, water...*

And the Big A is the *hot air!*

Ha!

More like *water*. He flows, he changes, takes new *shapes*... That's his mutant power--it's who he's been across history.

I'm guessing ***Storm's*** the air--

No. Ororo is not a mere *ingredient* in the magic.

Ororo is the magic.

[fall__of]
[_____X]

FALL OF X

X-MEN RED

REBIRTH AND RETRIBUTION

Genesis, disgusted with the new Arakkii acceptance of a peaceful way of life, has used the power of the Annihilation Staff to lead the army of the Hundred, Amenth, and the Four Horsemen in war against Storm and her band of rebels over the fate of Arakko.

Death defected and killed his sister, Pestilence, when she attempted to interfere with his fight with Storm by targeting her with a poisoned arrow. Nova leapt in front of the projectile, becoming stricken with deadly disease.

With her back against the ropes, Storm ponders using the most terrible weapon at her disposal -- a trigger that would release the imprisoned genocidal Eternal, Uranos, upon Genesis's forces.

And as if Storm wasn't dealing with enough -- Apocalypse has just returned to Arakko.

1___[STORM]
2___[SUNSPOT]
3___[FISHER KING]
4___[DEATH]
5___[APOCALYPSE]
6___[IRONFIRE]
7___[WHITE SWORD]
8___[NOVA]
9___[GENESIS]
10__[SOBUNAR OF __THE DEPTHS]
11__[SUNFIRE]
12__[VULCAN]

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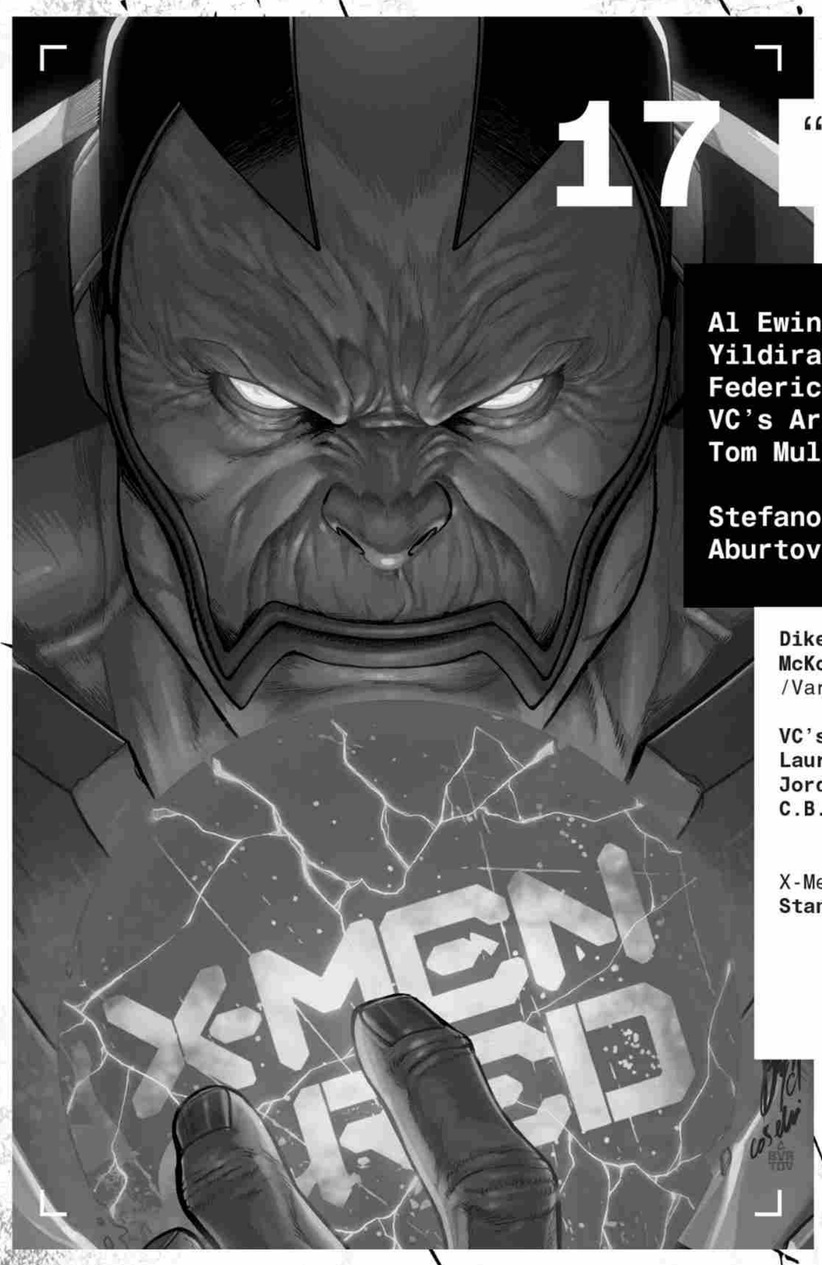

X-MEN RED

"THE AVATAR OF LIFE"

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[x_men__17]
[red____17]

[fall__of]
[_____X]

ON THE COAST OF THE BARREN AUTUMN CONTINENT--ONCE HOME TO THE AUTUMN PALACE--ORORO'S FORCES AWAITED THE END.

THE FIGHTING RETREAT FROM PORT PROMETHEUS HAD GONE HARD. THE WESTERN FRONT WAS LOST QUICKLY TO DAEMONS, ALLOWING GENESIS' FORCES THERE TO SWEEP ACROSS THE LAND.

MEANWHILE, THE WHITE SWORD HAD LED HIS ARMY EAST, AND THE MORROWLANDS COULD NOT RESIST THEM LONG--SO THEY WERE ABANDONED.

OF THE EARTH MUTANTS, THOSE LUCKIEST WERE EVACUATED TO SHI'AR SPACE BY THE HUMAN ALLIES CRAIG MARSHALL AND PETER CORBEAU. VASTLY MORE WERE CAPTURED AND ENSLAVED.

A FEW--THOSE MOST ATTUNED TO THIS NEW WORLD--DIED FIGHTING ALONGSIDE REBEL GUERRILLAS AS THE GENESIS HORDE HEMMED AND HARRIED THEM, DRIVING THEM BACK TO THIS LAST POINT.

GENESIS--THE GENERAL, SAFE AGAIN ON ARAKKO PRIME--WAS READYING HER FINAL ASSAULT. HER TROOPS WOULD SOON BE HERE, ACROSS SOBUNAR'S SEA.

AND ORORO'S FINAL CHOICE WAS YET TO BE MADE.

The clock is ticking.

What will your decision be? *Which massacre will you choose?*

Whatever your answer, it is ***on your head...***

You have *company*, by the way.

Give me the trigger, Ororo.

Ironfire.
You know what he offers?
Syzya told me--
But be sure you know.
If we free Uranos...
...he will kill all who march under Genesis' banner.
All of them, Jon.
You think I don't understand?
The Hundred march under her, Ororo. My general marches under her.
And they cannot be saved.
Jon--
How many times have we tried to convince Sobunar?
How many times have we asked Calderak to remember his pride? Or Pollux? Or any of them?
And now Genesis' armies have driven us here.
She holds the world--and every hour, she tightens her grip.
Her and that damned staff.
This has to end, Storm.
Someone has to end it.
And if you're not strong enough--

SHRA-KROOM

SHRZZZT

Your choice.

I hope you don't regret it...

ZZT

All yours.

What have you *done...?*

That was the end of the war! *That was our victory!*

That was ***genocide--***

It was ***mercy!*** It was the innocents under *Annihilation's* spell--***or all the innocents here!***

Genesis is coming, Ororo! Do you know who she *is?* ***Because I do!***

I lived alongside her in a paradise of *art and freedom and love*--and she *feared* it!

The Hundred fought to make Okkara *whole* again--she fought to *break it further apart!*

And if you think Annihilation is *using* her somehow--I tell you that ***she is using it!***

Planting her damned *whispers* in the minds of anyone she thinks is *useful,* no matter what they believed *before--*

And how is that different from your *general?*

Once, he commanded *you*--are you beholden to his whims ***now?***

I wasn't *beholden to a whim*--I was *conscripted into an army.*

Debate the morality if you *like,* but Blue never demanded more from us than the ***mission.*** Ask ***Doug Ramsey*** if the White Sword needed to be *worshipped.**

And when the mission was *done,* he gave me an *honorable discharge.*

He ***ended my service.***

Now I have to end ***his.***

*see X of Swords: Stasis.

Syzya! I need transport to the mainland!

NOW!

You could stop him, you know.

Not without killing him...

...and there'll be death soon enough.

How's Richard?

Speaking of dying...

"...he isn't. The Nova Force is keeping him alive--but it only holds the infection at bay.

"And the pain...our telepaths say he's shut off--gone deep inside his own mind. Maybe he'll never come out.

"I keep telling myself I couldn't have known about the Horsemen... about Pestilence...about how Nova would react to her arrow heading your way.

"And maybe that's true. But I do know this--"

--he didn't take that arrow so you could press some "kill a million mutants" button.

No. He didn't.

He knew there'd be no button.

He's here!

Apocalypse is here!

Father?

What do we think? Genesis playing her last card?

He'd have been with her from the start. And he's *unarmed*-- that sends a message.

Keep everyone back, Roberto.

Father--

Death. You've chosen *this* side, then.

You impress me.

The *honor of Arakko* is here. And to preserve it...I killed my sister.

Pestilence is dead--at my hand.

Well? Do you even *care?*

Father, *say something--*

Life teaches.

You have learned.

Continue your lessons.

...!?!...

You don't stand with Genesis?

I will not stand *against* her--but neither will I stand *aside.*

This world needs--and *deserves*--more than she offers.

It needs *magic.*

It needs *you.*

THE MORROWLANDS.

What was this place called again?

I can't *remember*, General. Some *art colony*...

The ones who stayed to slow us fought well. How many of our troops did I have to *raise*?

Twelve of us, sir.

And begging your *pardon*, General White Sword...if you'd had the ***actual*** white sword with you, it'd be *less*...

So, what's death to *us*? Genesis has *need* of that sword, soldier. And it's still *mine*.

When she lets it *go*, it'll *return to my hand--*

She'll ***never*** let it go.

Hello, Jon.

It's a *trophy*. A *symbol of her power*.

She'll never give it up.

Then so be it--*mine is not to reason why*. I am her *general*-- ***Genesis is my queen.***

But we'll make your death *quick*, Jon. As *befits* one who was once of my ***Ninety-Nine...***

That's ninety-eight.

Ninety-seven.

Ninety-six.

Ten more-- six through fifteen.

Double time. Wear him *down.*

You heard the man. ***Wear me down.***

Do I hear *ninety-five?*

"You made your *choice,* then..."

...Uranos stays in his *bottle.*

He offered the *illusion* of clean hands. The *lie* that I could summon evil and not *claim* it.

The blood on my hands, I *accept*--but they must be *my hands.*

And at least I'd know when to *stop.*

Yes.

Yes, that's what we tell ourselves.

I offer a *different* choice but no illusions. The forces of Genesis *are* coming for your people--perhaps even now.

Then I have to *trust* my people.

And in this...*I trust you.*

Trust can be a *liar.*

I trusted that my *children* would one day stand at the four points of this X--but they have not learned what they needed to learn.

Death shows *some* promise...but Pestilence is *lost,* and the rest are not *suitable*--so I must work with those whom fate has *provided.*

Like *me.*

Hello, Ororo.

Shiro?

You rescued **Redroot** from Otherworld...?*

More than that.

It's funny. When I came here, I took land for *myself*--and killed to keep it.

Rictor was my original choice. But what *would* have been must be sacrificed to what *is*.

I will represent the *water*. ***Orc***, my daemon familiar--with his *quick wit* and hunger for *knowledge*--is the *air*.

Kind of a *reach*, Big Man...

Now I *am* the land Redroot grows in... and *removing* her would kill ***me***.

*See *X-Men Unlimited* #112-117.

We make do with what we ***find***.

You! You ***imprisoned*** me here! ***Buried me alive under solid rock!***

Only *Krakoa* gave you ***amnesty***, Gabriel.

The *billions dead* at your hands would call what we did ***mercy***...

Once I'm ***free*** of this blue freak, I'll make those billions seem like ***fractions!*** That's ***my*** mercy!

Every-thing that lives will die--

And everything that has died...will live.

Stand in the center, Ororo.

NOW let the living land be born!
And what magic is this, En Sabah Nur?
Which element in your alchemy am I...?
Genesis' first act in this war was to return what had seemed dead-- the living island Arakko.
To win this war, you must answer that act-- like for like!
This is the mutant magic! The highest mutant technology!
Let the fire be fire! Let the air be free! Let the earth support the people!
And let water reshape this world!
You are what brings us together! You are the weather, the play of the breeze, the fall of the rain! You are the storm!
You are the breath of life, and the breath of life is in you...
And as you live...so does the land.

BE GRATEFUL THAT THE CENTURIES HAVE TAUGHT ME NOT TO WASTE WHAT MIGHT PROVE USEFUL!

BE GRATEFUL THAT THE CENTURIES HAVE TAUGHT ME NOT TO WASTE WHAT MIGHT PROVE USEFUL!

BE GRATEFUL THAT THE CENTURIES HAVE TAUGHT ME T TO WASTE AT MIGHT

In what other realms could we *build* a *home?*

And what would it *cost?*

I MUST WORK **WITH** THE FORCES OF NATURE, NOT RIDE ROUGHSHOD OVER THEM, AND GENTLY SHAPE THEM TO MY WILL.

How do I survive?

What is strength?

BUT, I DO *NOT* KNOW WHY YOU WISH ME TO TAKE THIS BURNT, BARREN *SOIL* INTO MY HANDS...!

HE HAS *FIRE* WITHIN HIM...

GREAT MOTHER--

MOTHER--

--BRIGHT LADY OF THE EARTH AND AIR--

--HEAR THY DAUGHTER'S CALL!

--HEAR THY DAUGHTER'S CALL!

--HEAR THY DAUGHTER'S CALL!

--HEAR THY DAUGHTER'S

ARAKKO PRIME.

"It's almost over, Sobunar."

Genesis...

The rebellion has been *put down.* The weak once again live *under the strong--in our gracious protection.*

Once the *ringleaders* on their barren island have *paid the price,* we will sequester ourselves in the ***Ten Towers***--and let our *greater* enemy lay *siege.*

Genesis--

That way, the humans will come to *us*--to their *red slaughter.* And I won't let *pride* force me to give up that advantage.

I won't make the same mistake *twice.*

Make the same--

Genesis!

Something is *wading through my blood--through the **ocean!** Toward* us! I can *feel it!*

*It's big enough for me to **feel** it--*

What...?

I can feel it here!

Look!

Look!

ACROSS THE WORLD, ONLY A SMALL ARCHIPELAGO REMAINS OF THE AUTUMN CONTINENT.

THE REST IS HERE....

...AND IT WALKS LIKE A MUTANT.

BEHOLD KAORAK.

Genesis!

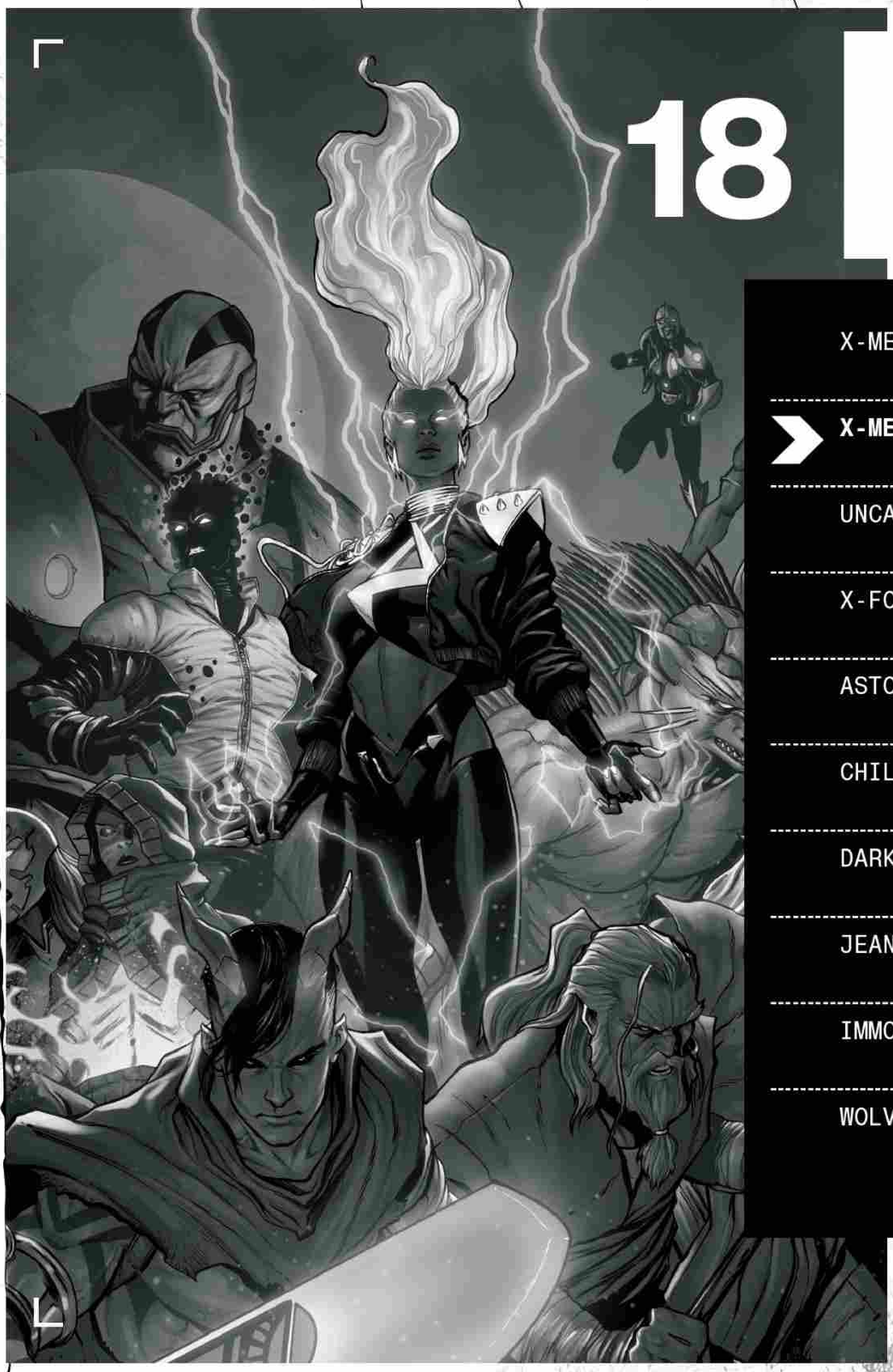
You claim you speak for Arakko?

Then raise your island and fight.

KRAKOA is for all MUTANTS

[fall__of]
[_____X]

FOLLOW THE FALL:



X-MEN #28

X-MEN RED #17

UNCANNY SPIDER-MAN #3

X-FORCE #46

ASTONISHING ICEMAN #4

CHILDREN OF THE VAULT #4

DARK X-MEN #4

JEAN GREY #4

IMMORTAL X-MEN #17

WOLVERINE #39

[x-men_17]
[red___17]

KAMIC RIDER

MARIKA